

U. S. PLACES 34 MORE NAMES ON HONOR OF HERCULES

Medals Blazon Approval of Those Who Defy Death to Save Human Life

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WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—The government's hero roll for the year just closed bears the names of thirty-four men—black and white—whose heroic actions, in saving lives from the jaws of death, have earned them the gold, silver and bronze medals of honor.

This order of merit is awarded in three grades, the gold, silver and bronze, the first two being presented by the secretary of the treasury for deeds of great daring and self-sacrifice upon federal waters, and the third being presented by the president himself for the heroic saving of life upon our highways engaged in interstate commerce. But whereas the gold or silver medal is an index to the opportunities for courage which the holder embraced to the best of his heroic abilities, the less precious substance in the bronze medal bears no indication of a less degree of heroism on the part of its wearer as compared with the holder of the marine order of the higher category. The railway medal has no grades. In the eyes of officialdom those upon whose breasts it is pinned are all equal. One is as great a hero as another. And with it goes a little button bearing the word "Hero"—a badge for everyday wear which does not accompany even the gold medal of your water hero.

In awarding one of these national medals of honor, up at the United States capitol, some years back, Uncle Joe's Cannon remarked that the partition between heroism and art cowardice is often of tissue paper thinness. In fact, our psychologist friends have pointed out that the most timid, responding suddenly to some parental impulse, are sometimes wont to do in courage all of your professional heroes hovering round the theater of action.

Heroism Is Not Habit.

But that heroism may also be a constitutional phenomenon of the nervous system, and perhaps an hereditary one—that is in the blood, at least—we often have convincing evidences, and a case in point is that of one of our heroes enrolled upon this last honor list issued by a grateful government.

To not a few of our great metropolises the name "Hughie" Doherty is a most familiar ring, although it was a decade or more ago that he was being repeatedly thrust into the spotlight by chroniclers of his dare-devil deeds. Eleven men, women and

children owed their lives to him in those times, principally while he was captain of the Coney Island Creek volunteer life-saving station, and for pulling them out of the gnashing jaws of the demon death, congress, by a special act in 1903, voted him a silver medal of honor. Since then, instead of prostituting his glory by establishing a Bowers saloon, as other local heroes of his time have done, he has—like the drain man in Mr. Donnelly's excellent play, "The Servant in the House"—found a calling less monumental but more useful than that of many a prominent citizen whose life is dedicated to a less unadorned mission in life.

And it was while plying his trade as a foreman in the Brooklyn sewer department, some time since, that this hero heard a cry for help which once more unchained the lion that has ever reposed within his stout bosom.

The wail that awoke his old-time spirit came from the East river, where a sudden wave had washed a lad, unable to swim, from a log on which he had been paddling.

Running at top speed to the nearest dock the foreman doffed his coat and, with his old-time form, dove into the water. But his good angel was not hovering so near as in the days of past deeds, for his head on parting the water struck hard upon some water-logged drift that floated just under the surface. Unmindful, however, of the fact that he had lacerated his face, he darted 150 feet through the waves to the point where the helpless child was making his last frantic efforts to defy the peril of the "third sinking." But here a new danger threatened the rescuer, for the boy with both hands clutched his throat in the dread "death-lock." Despite this, however, Doherty kept his charge afloat, and after swimming a long distance with him reached a launch, whose occupant heaved a line and completed the rescue. And upon reaching shore with the child the life-saver discovered for the first time that three of his teeth had been knocked out by the drift-wood encountered when he dived from the dock.

A Hercules of the Far West.

And a new national hero who has just come in for the same reward from the aforementioned grateful government is a young man now plying brave "Hughie" Doherty's old-time trade of captain in a volunteer life-saving crew. "George" Freeth, a Hercules of Redondo Beach, Cal., and his medal of honor in gold has been voted him, by the committee which sits on such cases, for "heroically rescuing seven fishermen" from a December hurricane which lately raged off his station.

It appears from the testimony weighed by the committee that the sudden nor'wester caught a fleet of small fishing boats unawares and sent them scurrying to shore, too late, however, for a safe landing. Summoned by the ominous screech of a siren on shore, Captain Freeth hurried his crew to the scene, and, undaunted by the waves which were washing twenty feet over the pier, ran forth alone, made a spectacular dive from the wharf and glided like a dolphin to a boat that was about to be dashed to pieces upon the rocks of the breakwater, and then climbing aboard, he took the helm and safely piloted the boat and its crew of Japanese fishermen around the pier to a safe landing upon the beach.

But no sooner had he delivered this crew than another boat, containing two Russians, was seen to be swamped. So Freeth ran this time to the breakwater, leaped into the waves, swamped boat was a half mile out, but before he had gone half this distance he met with another imperiled Japanese boat which he boarded. Taking the tiller from the helpless helmsman he piloted this craft through the surf at railroad speed and landed it safely on the beach. And meanwhile the Russian boat had drifted near enough to be reached by ropes thrown from a pier.

Freeth was now hurried to his quarters, but his crew had only commenced to rub him down when the siren's call caused him to take the helm and hurry again to the beach, from which he saw two more swamped boats struggling for life among the rocks far out. Once more he dived from the pier and ploughed his way through the tempest-tossed sea. Reaching one crew he placed about each man a life belt which

Captain in Volunteer Life-Saving Crew Makes Remarkable Record--George Freeth, Hercules of Redondo Beach, Given Golden Decoration for Guiding Fishing Boats to Safety.

Robt. A. Brande.



CAPT. E. J. DODGE.

LIEUT. COM. H. O. STICKNEY U. S. N.

kept them afloat until a boat later picked them up.

A summer boater was the provocation of a similarly plucky deed which earned the next reward on the list. The scene of the little melodrama of real life was Spring Lake, N. J., and the hero who earned his place on the forefront of the stage was William S. Doyle, a citizen of Tremont. Upon hearing the cry that the bathers were drowning, Mr. Doyle ran a quarter mile to where hundreds of pleasure seekers stood helpless and hopeless upon the esplanade, their eyes fixed upon the mere speck that bobbed in and out of the foam several hundred feet off shore. Without waiting to recover his breath after his long run, or delaying to enlist aid, Mr. Doyle bravely fought his way through several hundred feet of strong currents and broken water to where the drowning man, caught in the clutches of a "sea monster," was going down for the last time. But after another desperate struggle against the angry sea, the rescuer, without assistance, brought the victim safely to shore, although his own strength had been expended to the degree that he could not stand after reaching the beach. His reward is the golden medal, as is that of the star actor in the next of these thrilling scenes to be described.

On a Sunday in October Captain E. J. Dodge and his son, Wilbur, were standing near their home on South Bass Island, Put-in-Bay, O., and were gazing out over Lake Erie, whose waters were being lashed to foam by an angry nor'wester. The steamer Wayland, of which Captain Dodge was skipper, lay under shelter nearby, to hide from the fury of the storm. It was not a fit day for any small craft to venture out, and the two men scanned the water with their glass to look for chance ventures who might be less fortunate than themselves.

A Sudden Sickening Sight.

Suddenly they saw rise upon a huge wave a small yawl, which seemed to wave three men, and as quickly as it had bobbed out of the water it disappeared within a trough of the angry waters. Elevated upon another wave, it seemed to have capsized, but again it was lost to view.

The skipper, after waiting in vain for it to show itself again, ran to his little steamer, stoked up the fire, and



HUGH DOHERTY

with his son, Wilbur, another son, Harold, and Peter Peterson, a fourth volunteer, went off to the rescue, through the hurricane, which held them in peril throughout the run. But although the immense seas nearly filled their little craft, and almost smashed in its cabin doors and windows, they kept on until they sighted three men desperately clinging to the keel of the overturned yawl. Only after terrific battle were the men taken aboard and along with the brave skipper's gold medal came three others, in silver, for his plucky crew, who, with bulldog tenacity stood by him throughout the battle with the angry elements.

Heroism in Black and White.

Our scene now shifts down to the Panama zone, where gold medals were lately earned by two fearless employees of the canal commission. Some months ago, while a gasoline boat was exchanging a little army of thirty-two workmen from a tug to a dredge off Perur island, the helmsman suddenly pushed the rudder hard over, causing a turn so sharp that two men sitting on the thwart were thrown overboard. One could swim, but the other sank like a stone and the undertow was so wicked that when he came up for the first time he had been washed some twenty-five feet from the launch. With such a current running and with the water known to be infested with man-eating sharks, the case looked hopeless, but while the other occupants of the little boat looked on, chaplain Pittsgraid Wilshire, a Grandian negro ironworker, without stopping to protect

of the five men clinging to its side became demoralized when the angry waves commenced to wash over them. Attempting in their panic to climb onto the upturned craft, they rolled it over knocking not only themselves, but their companions into the water, where a fearful struggle took place.

One of the five, Quartermaster Guy W. Beck, U. S. N., kept cool. He called instructions to his companions, but efforts were in vain and the two who had unwittingly caused the catastrophe sank out of sight, only a warning cry being heard from the more helpless of the pair and by frantic efforts managed to keep him until a boat from the prison arrived and took rescue and rescued out of the water, in which the three who had looked out for themselves met their death. Beck, for this, gets the medal in gold.

So much for our new gold brand heroes of the water.

A Grade Crossing Struggle.

Two citizens in the last year earned the president's prize railway medal, which seems to mean that the iron steed is a more terror-striking foe than the great beast of the water.

The first modern St. George of this pair to brave the fury of the steam dragon was a German venturing on a full of the fast approach of a locomotive that was backing toward the crossing. Confused by a chorus of warning shouts from terrified bystanders, she hesitated at a point where a string of freight cars blocked her view of the rails on which the engine was rushing. As the train was running back in the direction whence she had come she stepped forward in the very path of death. Karsten, who had stood by, leaped to her rescue, but when he seized her she mistook his purpose and commenced struggling with him. Being a woman, Karsten was unable to grapple, he had difficulty in dragging her, and as a result of the encounter both were struck by the backing engine.

The woman fell directly between the rails and the whole of the locomotive except the pilot passed over her body. By the time the crowd rushed forward to drag him out they were dumbstruck to learn that although his clothes were ground to rags he was practically unharmed.

The woman fell outside the rails, but her foot was crushed, and although her husband at first appeared to be more than Karsten's she sustained internal injuries from which she died the same night. In addition to the medal sent him by the railroad company a new suit of clothing, a gold watch and ten days' special leave with pay.

From the Teeth of the Iron Horse.

The grade crossing, which some non-progressive communities are so anxious to preserve, is a most dangerous place for railroad companies to maintain in centers

of population—was the scene of the other act of heroism lately earning the president's order of merit.

Again a woman was crossing a gridiron of tracks—nine abreast—this time at a street in McKeesport, Pa., crossed by the Baltimore & Ohio.

Hurrying home to cook her husband's dinner, she was making way under two handicaps. In the first place, her face was bunched in a shawl which obscured both the view and the sound of a train that came thundering along ready to crush her if she took a step forward; and, secondly, she was a foreigner, unable to understand the warning cries shouted at her by shrill voices rising above the rumble of the iron steed.

Argus-eyed and alert at his post stood Crossing Policeman Robert A. Brendle, with a record as long as Hercules Doherty's for rescues of bygone days. And Brendle stood not upon his going to fetch the woman from danger. He went. And he grabbed her with a Samsonian grab that took her off her feet. Yet before he could lift her from the track he felt the hot breath of the engine.

The engineer and freeman rushed to the side of the cab to view the carnage which they could not prevent, but were astonished to see rescued and rescuer safe and sound on the clidery ground below them. The pilot beam of the locomotive struck Brendle's coat tail. That was the full extent of the collision, so deftly did he handle his charge.

Of the heroic citizens decorated with the marine medal in silver there are twenty-five, six of them private citizens, one of them a soldier, three of them belonging to the revenue cutter service, four of them policemen, and eleven brave boys of the navy varying in rank from ordinary seaman to that of Lieutenant Commander. Of the latter rank is Herman G. Sticks, a sailor who was on the Philippines recently fell overboard from the bridge deck of the South Dakota, knocking himself unconscious by striking a lighter which was leaning into the water, went down a heaving line into the sea and effected the poor fellow's rescue.

But, as intimated, the award of the silver medal instead of the gold by no means bears the insinuation that its holders are second-rate. It signifies merely that the circumstances of the accident have necessitated less risk upon the part of the rescuer.

One case, however, has arisen in which a person awarded the silver medal felt insulted and refused it. This sensitive soul was a girl. Later she took wiser counsel and accepted it.

Look for the Bee Hive

On the package when you buy Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds. None genuine without the Bee Hive. Remember the name, Foley's Honey and Tar and reject any substitute. Schramm-Johnson, Drugs, five stores.

New Year's Social Festivities in New York

By MARGARET WATTS DE PEYSER.

By Leased Wire to The Tribune.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—The opening week of the new year in the world of society in New York was marked by the number of dances and dinners among the "400." While some of the dances were given in honor of debutantes, others were given in the interest of charity institutions, all were attended by the exclusive society folks, who gave their presence as well as their means to make the events a success. Among those who lent their aid to these dances were such leaders as Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Drexel and Mrs. Vanderbilt. The marriage of a number of young couples will also add luster to the social events of the month, as will a number of receptions yet to be given in honor of debutantes. But as the debutante enjoyed the seat of honor in the opening of the social season, she has been forced to make room for the older set who will reign during the closing part of the year. The end of the first week in January, however, was marked by the debut of Miss Agnes Edgar, one of the leading debutantes of the season, left for southern Europe. Already invitations are out and plans being made for a gay season at Cairo and Algeria. Others will soon join in the gayeties in southern Italy. But the season will not close in New York for several weeks yet and the calendar for the month of February contains announcements that will keep society moving between the icebergs and the city mansion where functions are being given.

Countess Has High Aim.

Friends of Countess Laszlo Szechenyi, formerly Miss Edith Vanderbilt, have heard with much interest from Budapest that the multi-millionaire fairy princess has accepted the office of vice president of the National Hungarian Society. Since accepting the office the countess has given out an interview in which she tells of her aim in life.

"Believe me," she said in answer to a question from a newspaper writer who had been received for the purpose of granting an interview, "I wish to enter into active duties of the society. It is not an empty phrase if I say that I would like to lighten the burden of all the poor and suffering. This is hardly possible except through the channels of philanthropic societies. I shall dedicate my time and part of the material resources at my command readily to help others. In Hungary, especially in Budapest, and in certain other parts of the country, as I am aware, there is plenty of misery. According to my idea we must first help the destitute and suffering children, who

must be brought up sound in body and mind, and therefore I gladly accepted the vice presidency of the National Hungarian Society. Through it I may accomplish some good.

"When I first came to Hungary I was accompanied by my mother and my sister. We were welcomed with the most very good terms. Later I took a fancy to Oermeez castle; my baby was born there, too. I feel very much at home in it, and we entertain numerous entertaining parties there. In Budapest, on the other hand, I still feel a guest, living as we do in a hotel until our own place is ready."

Had Quiet Wedding.

Because of the recent death of the bride's father, the late Commander Frederick A. Abercrombie Miller, the wedding of Miss Edith Abercrombie Miller to Walter R. Tuckerman of Washington, D. C., at Morristown, N. J., was a quiet affair, attended by members of the immediate families only.

The ceremony was in the Madison Grace church, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Joseph N. Blanchard, rector, assisted by the Rev. John Smith, rector of St. John's church, Washington. Following the wedding, a breakfast was served at Loam Farm, the home of Mrs. de Peyster, Mr. and Mrs. Tuckerman will reside in Washington.

Miss Jean Louise Masbrough of Long Branch, N. J., have gone to the home of Mr. Snyder at San Francisco, where they will make their residence. The marriage was one of the social events of the holiday season in Long Branch, although the couple crossed the river and were married at the Church of the Incarnation, Madison avenue and Thirty-fifth street, and followed the ceremony a dinner was served at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mrs. Perry Belmont and other women in society have taken to polo caps for morning wear. The caps take the place of the turban. Matched fur sets with the polo caps are the latest fad from Paris, and such followers of the fashion to the minute as Miss Katherine Elkins and her cousin, Miss Katherine Davis Brown, have adopted them. Miss Elkins and her cousin have been seen at shopping towns about the city, and they wear long shaggy coats of Siberian fox, with cap, tipper and muff of soft yellow mink.

Frederick Townsend Martineau arranged a series of dinner parties for Sundays in January. On January 15 Mr. Martineau will entertain for Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Mr. McVill Sternberg and bride, formerly Miss Lillian Fisher, have gone to the home of Mr. Sternberg in Ohio, where they will reside. They were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Fisher, on St. Nicholas avenue. Following the ceremony the couple was tendered a dinner at Hotel Astor.

Mrs. Ronald Ronalds and her mother, Mrs. Strong, who spent the holidays at their home in Erie, Pa., have returned to New York and again taken up their apartment at the Plaza.

Dance to Aid Clinic.

A subscription dance for the benefit of the East Side Clinic for Children, Dr. Adelaide Wallerstein, president, will be given under the auspices of the ushers of the New York City Federation of Women's clubs for its ninth annual convention to be held at the Hotel Astor on Friday, February 3.

Mrs. Belle De Rivera is president of the Federation and Mrs. William C. King, story, honorary president. The other officers are Miss Mary Garrett Hay

Mrs. Emily Clogau, vice president; Mrs. Alice W. Gifford, recording secretary; Mrs. Ernest Buntz, treasurer, and Mrs. William G. Demarest, historian.

The everlasting girl question is easily and prettily solved by the innovation of a little want "ad" in The Tribune. Bell phone 5200. Ind. 360.

CHARLATAN MAKES MANY BELIEVE HE CURED THEM

Special Cable to The Tribune.

PARIS, Jan. 7.—Prosecuted in a local court here for alleged illegal practice of medicine, a Frenchman, called many witnesses on his behalf, who testified to the benefit they had derived from his potent "spiritual fluid."

One young woman said she had a paralyzed arm, which was unsuccessfully treated by specialists, and she was completely cured by the defendant, who merely made a few passes over the diseased limb. Another woman suffered from a stroke of the brain, and was cured in twenty-four hours.

An insane woman, who was to be sent to an asylum, recovered her reason when the faith-healer made passes on her forehead. A case was cited of a patient whose ear drum was broken, and who now hears quite well after "magnetic" treatment. "I have also caused the blind to see," put in defendant.

One volatile witness was vehement in defense of the faith-healer. "What was your ailment?" asked the judge.

"Paralysis of the tongue."

"One would not think it."

Another patient urged the judge to try defendant's magic treatment. The judge protested that he was quite well.

"Ah! One never knows," said the witness, shaking his head. The wizard was held.

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Best Remedy for Constipation, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Belching and Liver Troubles. 25c per Box at Druggists.

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MRS. CAROLINE TEEPLE, Pins, Ariz., writes: "I feel more than thankful for the great good '5-DROPS' has done in my family. My daughter, who was suffering from rheumatism in her lower limbs, her limbs being swollen. She had to go on crutches when she tried to help herself, and most of the time she had to be carried in a chair. The pain gradually extended to her stomach and then to her head, and it helped her right away, she was soon well again. We called in three doctors, but they gave us no relief. We were very discouraged and their medicine did not do any good. We decided to try '5-DROPS' and we were well again."

Swanson's "5-Drops" is the Best Remedy for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Stiffness, Sore Throat, and Kidney Troubles.

Applied externally it stops all aches and pains. Taken internally it dissolves the poisonous substance and assists nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition.

One Dollar per bottle, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price if not obtainable in your locality. Write today for a trial bottle of "5-Drops" and test it yourself. We will gladly send it to you postpaid, absolutely free.

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